A MERCHAN MATERIAL PROPERTY.

admitted that he did not "make any strenuous

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

We have before us one of the most delightful blographies ever produced in the United States in the two volumes composing the Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes, by John T. Mouse, Jr. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The author has every qualification for his task, in cluding that of relationship, as he was a nephew of the subject of the book. All the material obtainable in the form of letters and autobiographical notes has been placed at his disposal, but these are less copious than may have been expected. It appears that letter writing was irksome to Dr. Holmes, and consequently his letters were comparatively few. A report has been current that Dr. Holmes for some time be fore his death was engaged upon an autoblography. It turns out, however, that he left only some disjointed memoranda in which he not advanced beyond the period of youth. and had not even covered that period consecu tively and thoroughly. Instead of weaving these notes into his text, the biographer has hought it better to print most of them collectively in a separate chapter. In the present sotice we shall refer to them from time to time in connection with incidents in Holmes's life.

X. The initial chapter, which deals with the subfect's genealogy, would have seemed indispense ble to Dr. Holmes, who was a follower of Lamarck rather than of Welsmann. He himsel wrote, in 1889 : "Of my paternal ancestors I know little compared with what I know o those on my mother's side." The truth is that. although his father, Dr. Abiel Holmes, was respected clergyman and a respectable historian, there was no other person of distinction in the direct paternal line. The first Holmes who was heard of on this side of the Atlantic was one John, who came to the village of Woodstock, Conn., with the first settlers in 1686. He was not an original grantee of the township, but was "taken in on the way by the company of 'Goers.'" because he was "the kind of man they wanted." He is reported to have become "generally useful," and to have set up a sawmill and a fulling mill. One of his ss, David, comes down to us as Deacon Holmes. In the next generation a second David was a Captain in the "old French war" and an army surgeon in the Revolutionary war. His Abiel, the father of Oliver Wendell Holmes was born at Woodstock in 1763, and graduated from Yale College twenty years later. He married for his first wife a daughter of Dr. Exra Stiles, President of Yale College; embraced the ministry and went to Georgia, where he was settled over a parish until 1791. Thence he removed to Camidge, Mass., and became the paster of the First Congregational Church. On March 26, 1801, he married, for his second wife, Sarah, the only daughter of Oliver Wendelt, a prosperous merchant of Boston. The Wendells were descended from Jacob Wendell, who came to Boston from Albany early in the eighteenth century, and there married Sarah Oliver, who had in her veins the blood of Gov. Dudley and Gov. Bradstreet. Jacob Wendell was a descendant of Evert Jansen Wendell, who, about 1640, had emigrated from Emben, in East Friesland, to

To return to the parents of the subject, we ote that the Rev. Abtel Holmes, the Doctor's father, was a clergymap who taught the oldfashioned Calvinism, but who, apart from his religious creed, was a man of humanity and cultivation. A portrait of him at the age of 31 shows a refined and pleasing face of regular and handsome features. Long afterward Richard Dana, Sr., told the subject of this biography that, when the latter's father came to Cam-bridge, he was considered very handsome, and the girls used to say, "There goes Holmes-look!" He had a weakness for writing poetry of no particular merit; his "Annals of Amer was more in the line of his capacity and is still prized as a careful and useful history. His second wife, Sarah Wendell, who was born in 1768, is described as a bright, vivacious woman, of small figure and sprightly manner. She was very cheerful and social, and of a sympathetic and somewhat emotional tem ament. Those who knew his parents say that in Dr. Holmes there was much more of the intellectual quality of the mother than of the father. It was through her, too, rather than his father that he pertained to what he denominated the Brahmin caste of New England, a ecles of aristocracy which, before his death he saw had given way to "the untitled nobility which has the dollar for its armorial bearing.

II. Oliver Wendell Holmes was born on Aug. 29, 09, the same year which witnessed the birth of Gladstone, Tennyson, Darwin, and Abraham Lincoln. Of the old gambrel-roof house in Cambridge which was his birthplace Dr. Holmes speaks in his autobiographical no When the chick first emerges from the shell, the Creator's studio in which he was organized and shaped, it is a very little world with which he finds himself in relation. . . Just so with my experience of atmospheric existence. The low room of the old house: the little natch called the front yard, somewhat larger than the Turkish rug beneath my rocking chair; the back yard, with its wood house, its carriage house, its barn, and, let me not fo get, its pigsty. These were the world my earliest experiences. But from the western window of the room where I was born, I could see the vast expanse of the com mon, with the far-away 'Washington elm'as its central figure—the immeasurably distant hills of the horizon and the infinite of space in which these gigantic figures were projected. From this centre I felt my way into the creation beyond." Of his childhood days we read in the same memoranda: "Though not an inwenter, I was always a contriver. I was constantly at work with tools of some sort. I was never really a skilful workman-other boys were much neater with their jackknives than I. I had ingenuity enough to cut a ball in a cage, with a chain attached, carved out of the same wood; but my tendency was to hasty and imperfect workmanship." As a child, he naturally saw a good deal of the inmates of the kitchen, and it was no doubt the ghost stories they told him that gave him a dread of strange sounds at night that lasted until the approach dadolescence. "I cannot describe," he says, "the amount of worry I have had from this source. To this day I sometimes fear a solitary house, which I would not sleep alone in for the fee simple of the whole deserted farm." remembered that, in New England, during the first half of the century, servants repudiated the name which defined their status, and insisted upon being known as "help." Dr. Holmes recalls the further fact that they "did not show great alacrity in answering the bell, the peremptory summons of which had something of mmand in its tone which did not agree with the free-born American." It appears that some of the country customs were retained by the servants in towns. Husking, for instance, was practised on a small scale in the clergyman's barn. Characteristic, also, of the time were the free habits of parlor and kitchen with reference to alcoholic fluids. In the parlor, eider was drunk as freely as water; at dinner wine was always on the table, and not abstained from; in the kitchen, cornial, which was diluted, sweetened and flawored alcohol, was an occasional luxury, while "black strap," or rum and molasses, served in mowing time or for a "raising." In Dr. Helmes's boyhood the townfolk of New England depended for heating upon wood, which was brought from the country upon wagons or sledges. This was often not kept long enough to burn easily, and the green wood fire was a

mockery.

As was the fashion then and long afterward young Holmes was first sent to a dame's school, but, from 10 to 15 years of age, he was at a man's school at Cambridgeport. He records in his autobiographical memoranda: "My first schoolmaster, William Biglow, was a man of peculiar character. He was a good-natured man, a humorist, a punster. I do not remember being the subject of any reproof or discipline at that school, al-

I do remember that once, as he passed me, he tapped me on the forehead with his pencil and said he 'couldn't help it if I would do so well, a compliment which I have never forgotten." From Cambridgeport he was sent to the stiffly orthodox school, Phillips Academy, at Andover. The only incident of his life at Andover which has survived is his being ferruled by one of the teachers, a chastleement which forty years afterward he seems to have recalled with indignation. It is clear enough that he must have been a well-behaved lad, since he got through his school days with only one infliction of the kind in a time when the rod was never spared.

Andover did not make a clergyman of young

Holmes, and how it came to pass that he recoiled from Calvinism is discussed at some length in his autobiographical notes. For example: "The effect of Calvinistic training on different natures varies very much. The majority takes the creed as a horse takes his collar; it slips by his ears, over his neck, he hardly knows how, but he finds himself in harness, and jogs along as his fathers and forefathers had done before him. A certain number become enthusiasts in its behalf, and, be lieving themselves subjects of divine illumination, become zealous ministers and devoted missionaries. Here and there a stronger-minded one revolts with the whole strength of his nature from the inherited servitude of his ancestry and gets rid of his whole harness before he is at peace with himself." He goes on to acknowledge that "the effect of reading the 'Pilgrim' Progress,' that wonderful work of gonius which captivates all persons of active imagination, made the system of which it was the exponent more unreasonable and more repulsive instead of rendering it more attractive. It represents the universe as a trap which catches most of the human vermin that have its bait dangled before them, and the only wonder is that a few escape the elaborate arrangement made for their cap ture. The truest revelation," it seemed to Holmes, "which man has received is that influx of knowledge brought about by astronomy geology, and the comparative study of creeds which have made it a necessity to remodel the religious beliefs of the last few thousand years." Elsewhere in the same notes we read: "The process of extricating ourselves from those early influences which we are bound to outgrow is a very slow and difficult one. It is illustrated by the phenomena of waste and repair in the physical system. \* \* \* The process is like that of respiration. The oxygen taken into the system preys upon its effete material, which is carried out by exhalation and secretion, at the same time that it adds the vivifying element to the forming tissues. New ideas act upon society as oxygen does on the body, attacking its errors, which passaway from the lists of human beliefs. and strengthening the new truths which are oullding in their place. Born near the beginning of the century, my mind was early impregnated with beliefs which, in the minds of those whom consider the best thinkers of the present day, are utterly extinct and replaced by newer thoughts. The change in my own mind, like those of many others born in similar circumstances, has been gradual, and, to a large extent,

From Andover Holmes came in the summer of 1825 to Harvard College. He thus became a member of what used to be called the famous lass of '29, which included B. R. Curtis of the Supreme Court of the United States, George P. Sigelow, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, and Prof. Benjamin Pierce. As Mr. Morse points out, those were the days of "class feeling." A strong sentiment of fellowship effected a solidarity that few individuals ever repudiated. Strange to say, too, the union became closer after graduation than before; a man expected his classmates to be friends, and even aid him in his journey through life. And he was rarely disappointed. Nowadays, perhaps because at Harvard classes have become so large, one hears that the loyalty of the student is due, not to his class, but to his club. When Holmes graduated he was still in some doubt as to what should be his calling in life. He went in a tentative way to the Dane law school, and stayed there for a year, but he seen found that he was on the wrong road, and turned from law to medicine. Besides attending the Massachusetts General Hospital, he became a pupil of a private medical school maintained by Dr. James Jackson. After two courses of lectures in Boston, however, it became evident that he ought to pass at least two years in the European

hospitels, and, thanks to the additions which his mother had made to the paternal income, he was enabled to do so. On March 30, 1833, Holmes left New York in | nearly as well as Macready. The chariatan he the packet Philadelphia, and on April 26 ar-rived in Portsmouth, where, as he nalvely re-instinct with a profounder impression of vulrived in Portsmouth, where, as he naïvely reports, "we passed ourselves off for English- garity and insolence. Mr. Irving and his flock men." In a few days he went over to Havre, and there resumed his proper nationality. Some seventy pages are allotted to the young traveller's letters to Europe, but many of these as the biographer candidly remarks, are not especially interesting, being largely taken up with descriptions of the common sights. Holmes had not been a fortnight in Paris before he wrote that he was "at last quietly established and almost naturalized," and in a short time he asserted that he was "quite absorbed" in study. He seems to have taken his work and his pleasure in the right proportions. As early as half after 7 every morning he was at a hospital, and generally stayed there until 10 o'clock. He breakfasted at 11, and afterward continued to study until 5 o'clock in pension for the purpose of learning French, or at some café, with a knot of fellow students. He often refers with gusto to the tasteful visads | face which is probably the largest uncivilized theatres more than I have; first, because

the afternoon. Then came dinner, either at a and pleasing wines. After dinner came the play, though he does not seem to have given much time to this form of entertainment. "I must own," he writes, "that I feel rather guilty in not having attended the it betrays a want of taste, and second, because it argues a neglect of the best means of learning the language." He pleads, as if in exenuation, that, at the opera house, he has heard some famous singers and seen some famous figurantes." In his autobiographical notes occurs the following reference to his Paris "I was busy enough during the time I spent in Paris, but saw little outside hospital and lecture rooms. If I had known how much literature would occupy my time in later years I should have taken the pains to meet the historians, Thiers and Guizot-Balzac, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Beranger-George Sand, Comte, and others of the celebrities in politics, letters, and science. I saw the great actors, singers, and dancers, Mile, Ligier, Frederic Lemaitre, Lablache, Tamburini, Grisi, and Taglioni. The Dejazet was the particular star at the Palais Royal. I remember Arago, a man of singularly fine presence, Poisson, the mathematician. But I never went lion hunting, as I might have done." The biographer is evidently right in drawing from Holmes's letters the deduction that he was truly devoted to the study of his profession. and that his interest in it increased as he advanced in knowledge. Often such a passage as this occurs: "I am more and more attached every day to the study of my profession, and more and more determined to do what I can to give my own country one citizen among others who has profited somewhat by the advantages offered him in Europe. And let me tell you this, they have not all done so, who might | tivate." have done, partly because they were contented with an equality or a moderate superiority to those they left behind them, and partly because

they found other things pleasanter than follow-

ing hospitals and lectures and autopsies."

Looking back, however, from the standpoint of

later years, he says in an autobiographic note

directed study. Still I gained the same famil-

larity with disease which the keeper of a menag-

erie does with the wild beasts he tames and han-

dles. I there learned the uncertainties of medi-

cal observation. The physician is like a watch-

maker having charge of watches that he can-

ot open; he must make the best guess he can,

Yet it is fair to say that the exploration of the

interior of the human body has reached a de-

gree of perfection which was not dreamed of at

Bostonian friends started forth to travel. They crossed to England, and in London saw something of English hospitals and got some idea of English medical practice. Holmes's personal observations do not seem to have dissipated the prepossession with which he had written in October, 1833: "As for the science of England and France, or rather Paris and London, to Judge by their books and their students, and the report of the intelligent young men who have seen both-the Frenchmen are half a century in advance." In the summer of 1835 he made a journey in Italy, and in Dethe same year he landed in New York, having gained as much professional mowledge and skill as hard work could master in two winters, and having also learned to know the French language almost like his own.

We have marked for citation a few extracts rom the letters written from Europe, Under date of June 29, 1833, we read: " The truth is I live at Paris just as if I had been there all my life, and, indeed, I can hardly conceive of anybody's living in any other way, so completely have I naturalized myself. It seems hideous to think of more than two meals a day; how could lever have dined at 2 o'clock? How could I have put anything to my mouth but a silver fork? How could I have survived dinner without a napkin? How could I have breakfasted without drinking white sugar and water? It is very narrow and ridiculous, and yet it is very common to hear people taking the standard of their own fancy for that of necessity. One will tell you that he prefers a separate plate from his neighbor, and has no idea of any napkin but the tablecloth; another would shudder at an iron tumbler, but is astonished that his neighbor has an aversion to an fron fork. Now, as for napkins and silver forks, the most ordinary, meanest eating houses in Paris consider them as indispensable; and so with regard to many things which we consider as luxuries, they make a part of ordinary existence with the Parislan." Foreseeing what might befall himself on his return to Boston, roung Holmes adds: "Yet a young man goes abroad, and perhaps lives for years among trangers at that part of his life when tastes and habits are forming; but if, when he returns, he would modestly adopt a foreign custom at his table, or venture an opinion even that his countrymen want refinement in such or such a point, sober people shake their heads at the travelled monkey, and old people draw the corollary that their gawky offspring will be made a puppy by crossing the Atlantic." Apropos of ways and means, he writes on Dec. 13, 1833; "I have told you it was all humbug about living overcheap in Paris. I will say now that I cannot get along, and that none of us do get along, without spending at the rate of about six or seven thousand france a year. But, in the mean time. I am getting a library which orms part of my stock in trade. It is clear that I shall be obliged to use my letter of credit before the first year is out." He proceeds to inquire, " what better can be done with money than putting the means of instruction, the certain power of superiority, if not of success, into the hands of one's children? sides, economy, in one sense, is too expensive for a student. For my part, I say freely that a certain degree of ease connected with my manner of living, a tolerably good dinner, a nice book when I want it, and that kind of comforts are in the place of theatres and parties, for which I have less taste than many good fellows of my acquaintance. I can go home, if I must, but while I am here I will not eat a dinner for twenty-five sous and drink sour wine at a shabby restaurant." At the same time he protests that he has 'no disposition to extravagance, and that probably I spend less money on pure gratification than most of the young men with whom I associate, To speak definitely, you may consider my exnses as at least twelve hundred dollars a year books, instruments, private instruction (which costs a good deal), and everything included. I tell you that it is not throwing away money, because nine-tenths of it goes straight into my head in the shape of knowledge. \* \* \* To conclude, a boy is worth his manure as much as a potato patch."

VI. When in London in 1834 Holmes heard Is ving, the preacher with whom Mrs. Carlyle had been in love before she married her husband "He is," we read, "a black, savage, saturnine, long-haired Scotchman, with a most Tyburn-looking squint to him. He said nothing remarkable that I can remember, and, I should suppose, owes much of his reputation to a voice of great force and compass, which he managed have given up the unknown tongue, and confine themselves to rolling up their eyes so as to show the whites in a formidable manner. I would ask for no better picture than has been been presented by these poor enthusiasts, drunk with their celestial influences, and habbling paltry inanities," Going to the opera one night in London, he saw in the King's box William IV, and his spouse, and, in an opposite box, the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, the girl of fifteen who was to be Queen Victoria. The Princess is described as "a nice, freshlooking girl, blonde and rather pretty. The King looks like a retired butcher. The Queen is much such a person in aspect as the wife of the late William Frost of Cambridge, an exemplary milkman, now probably immertal on a slab of slatestone, as a father, a husband, and a brother. The King blew his nose twice, and wiped the royal perspiration repeatedly from a

spot in England." In a letter dated Oct, 22, 1834, Holmes announces a resolution to which, but for the occasional composition of verses, he adhered for more than thirty years: "I have entirely relinguished the business of writing for journals. and shall say No, though Minerva and Plutus come hand in hand to tear me, the Cincinnatus of science, from the ploughtail she has commanded me to follow. How much I must learn. how hard I must work, before I have wrought this refractory ore into good, tough, malleable, ductile, elastic fron." He tells an old friend. John O. Sargent, who had asked him to write for the New England "You may suppose then, that, if I can devote three or four hours every day to my books, which I always endeavor to do, the electricity for that day is pretty thoroughly drawn off, and, in fact, if I, who somewhat labor in literary parturition, were to attempt that which invariably exhausts my powers, I should wrong myself for too small a matter. No. John, a heavier burden from my own science, if you will, but not another hair from the locks of porsy, or it will be, indeed, an ass's back that is broken. I am not ashamed of the ambition of being distinguished in my profession; but, more than that, I have become attached to the study of truth by habits formed in severe and sometimes painful self-denial. For, trust me, the difficulties in the investigations of our profession, the carelessness and stupidity, often the ob-tinacy of patients, the cold and damp and loathsomeness of the dissecting room, are exceedingly repulsive to the beginner: and, I am sorry to say, are sufficient to prevent the great majority of students from becoming properly acquainted with the science they profess to cul-

VII. Having returned to Boston, he invested himself in May, 1836, with professional respectability by Joining the Massachusetts Medical Society. But, well-e supped and amnitious as he war, it is acknowledged by the biographer that that much of his " time in Paris was lost in ill- a brilliant career in the way of practice not only did not begin with him early, but herer developed at all. On this point Mr. Morse remarks: "He built up a very fair business if the and Physiology in the medical school of Harveloped at all. On this point Mr. Morse reword is permissible), but hardly more. For this there were many reasons. Probably he dol not find the toil of the visiting physician quite so consonant to his taste as he had anticipated. I have been told that he never could become in-different to the painful scenes of the sick room. and, of course, when friends and neighbors were the sufferers he did not find his heart

efforts to obtain business," and confessed that, after all, the thing which pleased him best own knowledge, but by availing himself of reminiscences and criticisms called forth by his about practising medicine was that he had to keep a horse and shay. Mr. Morse notes further that it was, of course, a hindrance to be a wit-and a poet, the wise world having made up its mind that he who writes rhymes must not write prescriptions, and he who makes jests should not escort people to their graves. Mindful of his own experience, he gravely forewarned his students: "Medicine is the most difficult of sciences and the most laborious of arts. It will task all your powers of body and you are faithful to it. Do not dabble in the muddy sewer of politics, nor linger by the enchanted streams of literature, nor dig in far-off fields for the bidden waters of allen sciences. The great practitioners are those who concentrate all their powers on their business."

But, while his practice left much to be desired, Holmes's active mind and industrious temperament would not permit him to be idle. For three seasons he was one of the physicians at the Massachusetta General Hospital. In 1838 he was "mightly pleased," as he says, to receive the appointment of professor of anatomy at Dartmouth College. His presence was required there only during August, September, and October, and he held the place for the years 1839 and 1840. He also wrote successfully fo the Boylston and other prizes, Of these medical essays we are told that one on "Intermittent Fever in New England" still re value as a careful collection of all the evidence concerning malaria in that re-gion up to that time." The biographer assures us that the subsequently published volume of Medical Essays, though unknown to the eral reader," sparkles with cleverness in the author's best vein. The collection includes some papers on homocopathy, and the writer's detestation of what he always termed a pseudo-science caused him to utter some of his happiest sen-tences. He admitted that some patients might "have been actually benefited through the infinence exerted on their imagination," which must also be conceded "to every one of those numerous modes of practice known to all intelligent persons by an opprobrious title." But, he went on to say, "the argument founded on this occasional good would be as applicable in justifying the counterfelter in giving circulation to his base coin on the ground that a spurious dollar has often relieved a poor man's necessities." The defensive argument which homo-opathists drew from the action of the tiny particles of vaccine matter, and which they applied to some of their minute preparations of minerals, he disposed of as follows: "The thoughtessness which can allow an inference to be extended from a product of disease, possessing the susceptibility of multiplication when conveyed into the living body, to substances of inorganic origin, such as silex or sulphur, would e capable of arguing that a pebble may produce a mountain because an acorn can become a forest." Later on an argument in favor of the homosopathic dose was drawn from the result of an experiment pub lished by the French Academy, that the ten-trillionth part of a drop of septicemic poison would kill a guinea pig. Dr. Holmes's omment was: "The argument from the effect of animal poison in small quantities to medicinal substances in general is like saying that because a spark will burn down a city a mutton thop will feed an army." It is, however, according to the biographer, his essay on the "Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever" upon which, preëminently, if not alone, Dr. Holmes must

VIII.

women stir among the ruins."

rest his claim to having made an original and a

greatly valuable contribution to medical science.

The paper was roughly handled by leading pro-

fessors of obstetrics, but its conclusions have

to this incident in "The Professor at the Break-

fast Table," he said: "When, by the permission of

Providence, I held up to the professional public

the damnable facts connected with the convey-

ance of poison from one young mother's cham-ber to another's-for doing which humble office

I desire to be thankful that I have lived, though

had to bear the speers of those whose position I

had assailed, and, as I believe, have at inst demoi-

nothing else good could ever come in my life-I

now become accepted and familtar. Referring

Writing to an old school friend in February, 1838, Holmes said: "And so you are married. I wish I were, too. I have flirted and written poetry long enough, and I feel that I am growing domestic and tabby-ish. I have several very nice young women in my eye, and it is by no means impossible that another summer or so may see my name among the hymencal vic-tims. I do, indeed, congratulate you on chang-headed "Old Ironsides," and sent them to the so may see my name among the hymencal vicing your isolated condition into the beatific that he is falling into the old age of youthwhich I take to be from twenty-five to thirty in most cases he must not dally any longer; the first era of his life is fairly closed, and he may live half his bright days over again if 'woman's pure kiss sweet and long' comes only to his lips before it is too late. If he waits till the next epoch of his life begins there is great danger lest he marry his wite as a jockey buys a horse, sensibly, shrewdly, and merely as a convenience in his domestic operations. Such are my sentiments on this matter, and two years will give me-a certain age I shudder to repeat." The "certain age" to which Holmes referred, the age of 31, found im married to Amelia Lee Jackson, a daughter of Charles Jackson of Beston, an Associate Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, Or this lady the biographer tells us that "for Dr. Holmes she was an ideal wife-a comrade the most delightful, a helpmate the most useful, whose abilities seem to have been arranged by happy foresight for the express purpose of supplying his wants. She smoothed his way for him, removed annoyances from his path, did for him with, an easy executive capacity a thousand things which otherwise he would have missed, or have done with difficulty for himself; she hedged him carefully about and protected him from distractions, and bores, and interruptions-in a word, she took care of him, and gave him every day the fullest and freest chance to be always at his best, always able to do his work smid cheerful surroundings." In fine, an intimate acquaintance with the family enables the biographer to aver that "she contributed immensely to his success." He adds: "if, in thus ordering all things alike within and without the daily routine with such wistful reference to the occupations and the comfort of her husband, she often gave herself in sacrifice as, no doubt, she did she always did so with such amusble tact that the fact might easily escape notice, and the fruit of her devotion was enjoyed with no disquieting sense what it had cost her." We are assured, moreover, that, "while she eschewed the idea of having wit or literary and critical capacity, yet, in point of fact, she had rare humor and a sensitive good taste which could have been infalittily counted upon for good service if, on any occasion, these qualities could bring assistance to

the Dector-and, as to this, no man probably The children of this marriage were three; the ranks to be Lieutenant-Colonel in the civil war, udled law, and is now an Associate Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. The second child, a daughter named after her mother, marred Mr. Turner Sargent, after whose death sho was her father's companion during his hundred days in Europe. She died in 1889, having been preceded five years before by the third child, Edward Jackson, who had inherited not a little of his father's wit and humor. It appears that Edward Holmes left a con, who alone represents the name in the third generation.

IX. It was in 1847 that Dr. Holmes received the vard University. The variety of his functions led him to say that he occupied not a professor's shair but a whole settee. In 1871 loaded condition of the chair became so manifeat that a separate professorship was established for physiology, and Dr. Holmes there-

after had charge only of anatomy. This post-

subject's death, from the physicians who had sat under him or had worked with him. Of these first-hand testimonies we have read with especial interest those of Dr. Cheever and Prof. Dwight, Dr. Cheever says: "Too sympathetic to practise medicine, he soon abandoned the art or the science, and always manifested the same abhorrence for death and tenderness for aninals. When it became necessary to have a freshly killed rabbit for his lectures, he always ran out of the room, left me to chloroform it, and besought me not to let it squeak." Prof. Dwight says: "In spite of the attention bestowed on dissection, I do not think that he much fancied dissecting himself, though our museums still have some few specimens of his preparations. Once he asked me which part of anatomy I liked best, and on my saying: 'the bones,' he replied: 'So do I; it is the cleanest.' Still, he usually gave the class the time-honored joke that bones are dry. Almost the only topic on which he could not speak with patience was the cruelty often practised in vivi-ection. Like all sensible men, he recognized the necessity of vivisection. He has called it 'a mode of acquiring knowledge justi-fiable in its proper use, odious beyond measure in its abuse.' But I am sure that, in his heart, he hated it bitterly." Well worth noting, also, is what Prof. Dwight recalls concerning Dr. Holmes's scheme of instruction: " Any one who has experience in lecturing recognizes that he must decide whether he will address himself to the higher or lower half of the class. Dr. Holmes lectured to the latter. It was a part of his humanity to do so. He felt a sympathy for the struggling lad preparing to practise where work is hard and money scarce. do not give the best lectures that I can give,' he said on several occasions; 'I should shoot over their heads. I try to teach them a little, and to teach it well." The period of Dr. Holmes's tenure of his medical professorship was one of change and advancement, and during his day there took place a desperate engagement between the friends and the foes of the admission of women to the Harvard Medical School. While not altogether a neutral, he was not an active combatant. Dr. Cheever says that "his kindly nature inclined him claims of the other sex, but he voted with the majority in the negative for prudential reasons. He affirmed that he was willing to teach women anatomy, but not with men in the same classes." Dr. Dwight says that Dr. Holmes had "inclined to the losing side," but does not "remember that he ever showed much enthusiasm in the cause short time afterward, at the opening of the new building at the Harvard Medical School, Dr. Holmes delivered an address regarding which Prof. Dwight recounts the following anecdote: "On this occasion after speaking in his most perfect style on woman as a nurse, with a pathos free from mawkishness which Dickens rarely reached, he concluded: 'I have always felt that this was the vocation of woman rather than general medical, and especially surgical, practice.' This was the signal for loud applause from the conservative side. When he could resume, he went on: 'Yet I myself followed the lectures given by the young Mme. Lacharelle in Paris, and, if here and there an intropic woman insists in taking by storm the fortress of medical education, I would have the gate flung open to her, as if it were that of the citadel of Orleans and she were Joan of Arc return ing from the field of victory.' The enthusiasm which this sentiment called forth was s overwhelming that those of us who had led the first applause felt, perhaps looked, rather foolish. I have since suspected that Dr. Holmes, who always knew his audience, had kept back the real climax to lure us to our destruction."

We have seen that Dr. Holmes made up his mind while studying medicine in Paris to eschew ventures in literature and to confine himself strictly to his profession. On the whole, he kept with tolerable firmness to his early resolutions for unward of thirty ished, so that nothing but the ghosts of dead years. Nevertheless, not a twelvemonth passed in which he did not write some verses, and many of these found their way into print. During his one year at the law school a genuine lyric outburst of his made him actually famous in a way. The incident is, perhaps, less familiar now than it was sixty years ago. The frigate Constitution, lying, in 1830, in the navy yard at Charlestown, was condemned by the Navy Department to be destroyed. On a scrap of paper, with a lead pen-Daily Advertiser of Boston. The verses travtate of duality. The very moment one feels | elled fast through the newspaper press of the | "Elsie Venner" appeared, bearing, at first, satisfied sentimentality, and a large part of the people of the United States had heard of O. W. Holmes before he was twenty-two years of age. Touching the place of Holmes among verse makers the present biographer writes with much good sense and admirable tact. He declines to answer the question whether his subject was a genuine poet, and is frank enough to say that Sainte-Beuve, according to a definition which is quoted, would not have ordered Dr. Holmes to a glddy altitude on Parnassus That Dr. Holmes was always intelligible to everybody would by some auditors be deemed against him. Perhaps he ought to be classed above Praed or Locker, and bracketed with Moore. For, as Mr. Morse points out, "The lyre was never far away from him in his happiest moods. His melody was absolutely perfect. He was a consummate master of all that is harmonious, graceful, and pleasing in rhythm and language." It is also true that " in all respects his literary finish defied faultfinding. His perfect taste could never be deceived." The proof is "The Last Leaf." That Dr. Holmes was easily chief among the writers of vers d'occasion no one will deny, and everybody will echo the biographer's eja tion, "What a Poet Laureate he would have made!" It is not true, as Whitter has said, that "Occasional Poems" are fatal to any poet save Dr. Holmes. For, as Mr. Morse ren us not a few of the Odes and Epodes of Horace, and, he might have added, of the Odes of Pindar, were occasional.

The biographer reminds us that during the carly years of Holmes's married life, and, for that matter, up to the middle of the fifties, the lecture habit of the country, and of New England and New York in particular, was in its prime. Nowadays, some third-rate person is managed" about the country; but then, the best men of the time, such as Emerson, James sell Lowell, Wendelt Phillips, Theodore Parker, and Thackerny gave out their best thoughts upon the lyceum platform. In those days, lectures were fashionable as well as popular; everybod; went to them. Among the lecturers Dr. Holmes was a favorite with the bureaus and had no lack of engagements. The most important work of the kind that he did was the delivery of a course twelve lectures on the English poets before the Lowell Institute. Physically, he lay under some disadvantages upon a first introduccliest, Oliver Wendell, after rising from the tion. His voice was not good in sound, but it had much variety, was very expressive, and was | the apparatus, human and other, these won't do skilfully controlled, while his countenance responded with ant and lively change to each passing phase of thought. By this kind of work he undoubtedly obtained a desired addition to his income, but it is pointed out by Mr. Morse that, with the exception of some pages about the lecturing business in "The Autocrat," Holmes referred raroly to his lecturing experiences. Evidently the reminiscences of his touring about New England towns and villages had a disagreeable flavor.

> XI. Holmes was but two years distant from the sobering line of the half century, or five-barred gate as he called it, when he was unexpectedly led to resume the literary profession from which he had reselutely shut himself off soon after leaving college. Parama's Magazine had just died, and the country was without a first-rate purely literary periodical. The publishing firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co. determined to renew the experiment which had failed in Put-

as a medical instructor the biographer has it a condition precedent that Dr. Holmes should and luxuriance after eighty years of age was be the first contributor to be engaged. As the undertaken to present a fair sketch, not from his latter afterward said, Lowell "awoke me from a kind of literary iethargy in which I was half slumbering, to call me to active service." His usefulness began at once with christening the unborn babe; for the name of the Atla affe was suggested by him. The first number of the magazine appeared in 1857, and It soon turned out that, as Mr. Howells has said, Holmes had not only named but made the Atlantic. The nom de plume appended to his contributions was odd enough to attract curiosity. but neither this nor the form of the articles was altogether new. It seems that, in the New England Magazine, which lived from 1831 to 1835, Dr. Holmes had published two papers under the same name and adopted the same plan; papers which he would nover permit to be reprinted. "Now." he said. "the recollection of these crude products of my uncombed literary boyhood suggested the thought that it would be a curious experiment to shake the same bough again and see if the ripe fruit were better or worse than the early windfall." Mr. Morse wastes but little space on the reproduction of the sulogies and criticisms of "The Autocrat," and points out that the best thing on the subject was said by Dr. Holmes himself: "This series of papers was not the result of an express premeditation, but was, as I may say, dipped from the running stream of my thoughts," The majority vote has long ago decided that "The Autocrat" is the best of Dr. Holmes's prose work, and the present biographer concedes that the best things in it are the best things that Holmes ever wrote. When Mr Morse goes on, lowever, to speak of these papers as 'a genuinely new departure in literature. se overlooks the "Noctes Ambroslanse," which did much the same thing for Blackwood "The Autocrat" did for the Atlantic. As to the charge that the writer of the "Autocrat" papers was "provincial," the effective answer made by the blographer is that he was so in precisely the same way in which Walter Scott, and, we may add, "Christopher North," was provincial. In fact, he was "racial." From this point of view the blographer would describe "The Autograt" not as a picture of New Englandism, but as "an actual piece of New England, a sample cut solidly out of the original body." Just, too, is the remark that if Dr. Holmes was not national this was "probably because there was such a lack of moral, intellectual, and social solidarity in the United States that the quality of nationality was not reasonably within reach" before the war. Of the dozens of writers with whom "The Autocrat has been compared, Mr. Morse thinks that Holmes reminds one most of Montaigr quotes what Emerson said of the old French essayist: "There have been men with deeper insight, but one would say never a man with such abundance of thought. He is never dull, never insincers, and has the genius to make the reader care for all that he cares for. The sincerity and marrow of the man reach to his sentences. I know not anywhere the book that seems less written. It is the language of conversation transferred to a book. Cut these words and they would bleed: they are vascular and alive. Montaigne talks with shrewdness; knows the world, and books, and himself, and uses the positive degree."

XII. It is well known that "The Autocrat" was

followed by "The Professor at the Breakfast Table." The biographer notes that the newcomer did not talk quite in the vein of his predscessor; he chose more serious topics, was much graver, and exacted closer attention from his hearers. There was a great deal of discussion about creeds and tenets which have been the subjects of religious controversy. True, the writer's hand was ever light, sprightly and varied in its touch, so that no one fagged under t, but because the Professor was less entertaining than the Autocrat he has been less widely popular. On the other hand, being more thoughtful and profound, he has pleased some people better. After the Professor be came silent, eleven years clapsed before, in 1871, his vacant chair was taken by "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." It is acknowledged by the biographer that the Poet, though a charming fellow, was not quite so agreeable as had been his predecessors. By comparison with them, he was slightly disappointing. Mr. Morse compares the three volumes as they stand in the Breakfast Table series to the three successive pressings of grapes from an illustrious vineyard. The premier cru is the best. The second is very nearly as good; but, in the third squeezing, the difference in quality cannot escape notice." country. They gave the ship a reprieve which the title of "The Professor's Story." This book, for many years, was widely read, although, like many of Charles Reade's stories, it was open to the objection of being a novel with a purpose. The purpose was not so much to indicate the possibility of the eral kind. pre-natal poisoning of a child, through its question of the effect of such a phenomenon.

assuming its possibility—upon the moral responsibility of the recipient of the engagement of the author of "Elsie Venner" received letters from two men of character and position, one of them a Confederate official, describing similar cases in their families, and wondering how he had heard of them. In the eyes of orthodox New England, the fundamental position taken in "Elsie Venner" was proof of heresy. For "the imaginary subject of the story obeyed her will. But her will obeyed the mysterious ante-natal poisoning influence." There is, moreover, in the book a liberal-minded clergyman, in whose mouth the author put a number of heretical opinions. Dr. Holmes, in short, seemed to make it his business to show that the beliefs which his ancestors had held for a bunch of divine keys to heavenly mansions was really a cluster of instruments of torture fashioned by misguided human intellect. Half a dozen years later Dr. Holmes produced a second novel. 'The Guardian Angel," which also moved along the line of moral speculation. The case of this novel's heroine, Myrtle Hazard, was a simple one of heredity, and did not involve an abnormal, not to say impossible, problem. In the judgment of the present blographer, the second book far surpassed the former from a literary point of view. If it was less weird and fantastic, it was also more artistic. As a picture of New England people at, or Lauchheimer and Ensign Joseph Strauss. shortly before, the time when the book was not until 1884-85 that Dr. Holmes brought out his third and last novel, " A Mortal Antipathy," Venner, with her mysteriously envenomed nature, to that absurd young man. Maurice Kirkwood, who could not bear the sight of a young girl because his pretty cousin had caused him to fall from a balcony in his babyLood, the downward step was indeed a long one; and as for 'The Terror,' and "The Wonder,' and 'The Boat Race,' and 'The Fire,' and all the rest of

XIII.

gent, upon a trip to Europe. He had not been since he was a medical student, more than fifty years before. Yet it was only a brief | from 2 ine to Oregon," visit that he made now, the history of which has been written by himself, under the title of "thir series! that "supreme scene" in the life of Christ when he secured the traders out of the Temple, warns us that this book has no literary pretensions, and was simply compased to make according time in history as rich in its sublime ethical lesson as is the tour when the rich was the lesson as is the tour when the rich was the lesson as is the tour when the rich was the lesson as is the tour when the rich was the lesson as is the tour when the rich was the lesson as is the rich was th sions, and was simply composed to make ac-knowledgment for the convexies which had become as is the four when desus visits the aneru-lacen extended to the author. Two years later are and note what should have been a house of been extended to the author. Two years later (March, 1888) Dr. Holmes began the series of papers which he christened "Over the Teacups." Truth and kindness are well combined in the comments of the present biographer upon these compositions, "It would be idle o pretend that they are as good as the talk of the Autocrat; but they make very pleasant rend-ing, with an abundant infusion of the old-time blows, on the backs of the thieves and their agents. though I do not doubt I deserved it, for I was an invited James Russell wit, wisdom, and humor. Indeed, the display its cleanees the time when I was a student." In the spring were the sufferers he did not find his heart tion, which was of only moderate emolument, hands and summer of large Holmes holmes and summer of large Holmes and summer of large Holmes and summer of large Holmes holmes are large Holmes holmes have a student Holmes Holme nam's hands, and invited James Russell wit, wisdom, and humor, Indeed, the display He cleaned the temple with the lash; he white

an occurrence nearly, if not altogether, unedented in literature. The papers were really a magnificent four de force of a spirited old man, unyielding holding his own against the column of the hostile years." Retween the first and second numbers of "The Tencups" a and occurrence caused a hiatus of many months duration. In 1884 the younger of his two sons, Edward, had died. In the winter of 1887-88 his wife died also. His daughter, Mrs. Sargent, at once came to live with him, but in April, 1689, the daughter followed the mother. In 1886 died also his classmate, the Rev. James Freemat Clarke, for whom he had a high admiration and warm regard. During his last years Dr. Holmes's sight grew very dim, and he had to use the services of a secretary for nearly all his work. In October, 1887, he wrote to Dr. Weir Mitchells " I have got to stop writing letters, on account of my eyes, which are, I fear, in serious difficulty, though they look well enough." In December o the same year he wrote to Mrs. Priestly: "I do not expect to write many more such letters, for my eyes are getting very bad, and I'm afraid I have a prospect of a staff and a little dog before ne, if I live long enough." In another letter to the same lady the tendency of his youth to punmaking broke forth: "My eyes are getting dreadfully dim, and I shall hardly know your seautiful face across the street. One of them has, I fear-though I don't quite know-a cos aract in the kitten state of development."

D

Dr. Holmes died on Oct. 7, 1894, in the eightysixth year of his age, and, two days later, was buried from King's Chapel. The chapter recalling the expressions of feeling which the event called forth ends appropriately with some stanzas of farewell addressed by James Freeman Clarke to his old friend and classmate, Dr. lolmes, when the latter was about starting on his trip to England in 1886. The lines were:

May all good thoughts go with thee from this shore, All kindly greetings meet thee on the other: Bring all they can, they will not give thee more Than we send with thee, Poet, Friend, and Brothen.

While thou art absent, we will say, "How ofter The gloom from off our hearts his smile has lifted; low well he knew our harder mood to soften. With gleams of sunlight where the storm clouds drifted !

And how, when that o'erwhelming weight of duty Pressed upon Linco n's weary hand and brain, Our Holmes's song of tenderness and beauty Gave that worn heart a moment's rest again !

Go, then, dear friend, by all good hopes attended:

To mother England, to our earrier dove, saying that this great race, from hers descended,

Sends in its Holmes an Easter gift of love."

NOTES OF THE JEWS.

The new addition to the Hebrew Orphan Asylum

up town will enable the institution to accomabout 1,200 inmates. The dining hall is of great size and capable of scating 1,500 children at one time. The asylum band is highly spoken of. It added to its fame when it played at the recent selebration of the seventieth birthiay of Dr. Barr. the superintendent of the asylum.

By the new addition to the Home for Aged and

infirm Hebrews, there will be room for 100 more inmates, and it is believed that the accommoda-tions will be adequate for many years to come. The cost of the alterations and additional farade has been over \$50,000. Ample space for a garden has been secured by the purchase of more land The home is well supported by the Jewish people of Dr. Lieberman has resigned the office of Super-

intendent of the Lebanon Hospital, and Dr. Blum of California has been appointed in his place. A letter from the Bussian town of Shargored, in the province of Podolsk, contains this statements "Everybody is talking of emigration to America. Slackness of all branches of trade and industry forces many to try their fortune in the New

The Jewish papers of this city shed no tears over the exposure of the Deborah Nursery and Child's The project of forming a Jewish regiment of the

World."

National Guard in this city has failed to receive the support of the Jewish papers. Both last year and this year the prize in crators at the University of Cincinnati was won by Jewish

Here is a piece of news from the Jewish Tribunes "The statement that Levi Morton will enter the race for the Presidency has awakened enthusiasm in Jewish circles in the east side, where the men mention of the name of Levi never falls to rally the masses."

That observant paper, the Jewish Tribune, printed at Atlanta, Ga., contains this paragraph: "It is surprising to note the number of Jewish faces to be drama, comedy, and farce. Upon a careful caloulatton nearly or over 50 per cent, of the minor It was in the earlier part of the interval be- rôles and chorus girls were composed of Jewesses tween "The Professor" and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" that the novel called "Elsie Venner" appeared, bearing, at first,

A considerable number of the Russian Jows of New York are members of Waring's army of white uniformed street sweepers.

In the opinion of the Jewish Comment, the new translation of the Bible under the direction of the Jewish Publication Society ought not to be of a lis-The venerable rabbi, Dr. Sabbatai Morais, who

ing bitten by a snake, as to raise the | has completed the forty-fifth year of his service in the symmogue, is thus spoken of by the Hebron Journal: "The name of Dr. Morais will not be forwill be the ruling power of the religious life of the Jews in the United States, and then the example of this venerable teacher in Israel will guide many in the path of faith."

Rabid Joseph Silverman of Temple Emanu-El to the President of the newly formed organization entitled "The Jewish Alliance," the object of which Is to promote the study of the Bible and also of Jewish history and literature.

There is often humor among the Jews; yet there is a tradition that an ancient rabbi was astounded when the Prophet Elijah told him that a certain professional humorist was deserving of eternal bilis.

The Hebrew Union College recently conferred the title of "D. D." upon an aged Jewish scholar. The New York Hebrew Journal is desirous that the col-lege authorities should be brought to know that there are no Jewish Doctors of Divinity. It says: "The title of rabbi is equal to our LL. D., for the rabbi is regarded as a 'Master of the Law,' but has not the right to teach anything about the essence and being of divinity. The Kabballsts tried to teach something of this kind, but they never presumed to call themselves masters of the science of divin ty; they were called simply 'Hakbamin, 'wise men.' The title of D. D. is essentially Christian, and there are many rabble who would reject it with indignation."

There are a number of Jews in the naval service of the United States, and among them are two men who receive credit for unusual talent, Lieut, Charles

written, nothing could be more graphic. It was tall Herz Imber, who claims to have penetrated some of the mysteries of the Kabbala, is men-tioned by the Jewish Progress, which says: "We He was then far past the creative age, and the trust that this disciple of Azrael will not again ok shows the fact too plainly: "From Elsie pester our peaceful following with demonology. thaun sturey, and other strange fancies."

Among the Jows fame is long-lived. The name of their emmeat men have been preserved through all the ages, and they yet hold celebrations is honor of many of the earliest of them.

Ever since the gold mines at Cripple Creek were worked there have been many lews among the gold hunters there. There has always been a large Jewish element in California, and it has gained its share of the product of the mines.

Rabbi Gurtmacher, in protesting against a state-ment that the Jew has untold wealth at his disposal, makes this remark: "A stroll through the In April, 1886, Dr. Holmes, being then 77 - business portions of our large cures will show that years old, started with his daughter, Nrs. Sur- the largest mercantile establishments and banks business jardiens of our large cures will show that are, as a rule, not in the hands of the Jews. One Backefeller passeness more wealth than all the Jews

> prayer turns I into a den of thioven. Itoes he then sigh? Ites he weep over the temple? How he allow the thicker-the monopolists of those days, who lived by the sweat of the brow of other mento enjoy the fruits of their rapacity? Not even a vertal protest suffices him in his extreme indiquation. He setzes the scourge, 'Out with you from